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English Poetry.

TRANSLATION OF THE PENNILLION.

XCV.

COME, lovely girl, of all most dear,
Come, live with me, my days to cheer,
And purest pleasure shall be thine,
Long as Heaven may our fates entwine.

XCVI.

Woe to him, whose only bliss
Centers in the burthen'd bowl :
Of all burthens none like this,
Sin's sad burthen on the soul.

'Tis of craft and lies the seeker,
Murder, theft, and wantonness,
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,
Shrewd men foolish, foolish—less.

TRANSLATION OF THE TRIBAN.

IV.

THREE things I love not ;—these are they :—
An errand on the sabbath-day,
To walk unshod the frozen wild,
To hear wise speeches from a child.

THE LAMENT OF THE LAST DRUID*.

AIR—" *The Melody of Mona.*"

I.

THE harp is hush'd on Mona's shore,
And mute the voice of mystic lore,
And the deep woods lie low !
Where were the *Dark Isle's* † vengeful gods,
When thus their shrines and dread abodes
Received the insulting foe ?

* This beautiful Melody is from Mr. Parry's second volume of "Welsh Melodies," just published, and is the composition (we mean the words only) of Mrs. Hemans, of the productions of whose muse it is scarcely possible to speak in terms exceeding their merit. We mean to trespass again upon Mr. Parry's very interesting volume.—ED.

† Anglesea, (or Mona,) from its thick woods of oak, was anciently called the *Dark Island*."

Who shall recal the Druid Seers,
 They that could lift the veil of years?
 The home is silent midst the slain,
 And *I alone on earth remain*,
 On the wild winds to pour one strain,
 A dirge for Mona's woe!

II.

The stars on Mona's rocks look down,
 And far *Eryri's** mountain-crown,
 And Ocean's glitt'ring wave;
 But those, who track'd, with gifted eyes,
 Their burning pathway through the skies,
 Lie slumbering in the grave!
 There, too, shall rest the lore sublime,
 The secrets of primæval Time;
 For Mona's Guardian Powers are fled,
 Her oaks have bow'd their crested head†:
 Take me, ye dwellings of the dead,
 Homes of the wise and brave!

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY'S "REVOLT OF ISLAM ‡."

"O wherefore should ill ever flow from ill,
 And pain still keener pain for ever breed?
 We all are brethren—even the slaves, who kill
 For hire, are men; and to avenge misdeed
 On the misdoer doth but misery feed
 With her own broken heart: O Earth, O Heaven,
 And thou, dread NATURE, which to every deed
 And all that lives, or is, to be hath given,
 Even as to thee have these done ill, and are forgiven."

Canto 5, Stanza 11.

* *Eryri*—the Snowdon mountains."

† In A.D. 58, *Suetonius Paulinus*, the Roman General, penetrated into Mona, but was opposed by the *Druids*, whom he overpowered, cut down their groves, and massacred a vast many of them. Those, who escaped, retired to Ireland, Scotland, and the Isle of Man. But about the year 286 *Cratylinth*, a King of Scotland, expelled them from that country, and from the Isle of Man, which was the Presidency of the Order.—*Vide Warrington's History of Wales.*"

‡ We insert this extract on account of the Welsh translation in a preceding page.—ED.